1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

After this they practiced the songs until midnight or later. No one might leave until practice was over and the leader dismissed them. Then the workers might go home, to return early in the morning. There seem to have been no sexual restrictions on the workers, or even on the singers, but all officials must remain continent during the whole time of preparation. The village leader generally stayed in the shelter all night, and many of the men kept him company. The women brought food to the door, and the men often cooked for themselves.

The men who had the hereditary function of Navitcu, ceremonial clown, were in costume during all the days of preparation. They went through all the houses of the village and the camps of the visitors, begging food for the workers. They never spoke, but gave high, squealing cries. Anyone who was sick might put himself in the way of the clown and ask to be cured. The clown would then touch him on the head, both shoulders, breast, and back. When the clowns were not begging, they practiced dancing in the enclosure. It was also their duty to warn off any strangers or visitors from another village or any women who might venture near it.[8]

Also, during the ten days of preparation the corn-meal sprinklers were continually on duty. Each village had a sprinkler and a helper, whose offices were hereditary. One or the other stood at the door of the enclosure all of the time and sprinkled corn meal on anyone who entered. Every night, toward morning, the corn-meal sprinkler went to every house in the village to sprinkle the sleeping inhabitants. For this purpose he was costumed by his helper in the enclosure. He wore a kilt of homespun, undyed cotton (at present a white shirt) over the whole body and a woven cotton sash with long ends. To the belt, on his left side, was fastened a bell (formerly two spiral shells). His arms and legs were painted with white clay, on which spots were made by touching the wet clay with the finger. He wore sandals and had cocoon rattles around his ankles. His hair was tied up for running, bound with a cotton head band in which were two white eagle feathers at the back of the head, one upright, one slanting down.

[8] The use of the Navitcu impersonation by the Pima (Russell, p. 266) gives the impression that they may once have had the wiikita though this impersonation is now used only for curing.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

scribed in the past, since it is now several generations since the Papago went to war. 921

THE WARPATH

Papago men lived with their bows and arrows beside them, in readiness for an Apache attack. If they could catch the enemy before he escaped with his booty, they rushed out without ceremony. But more often enemy raids occurred while a village was sleeping and the Apache were far away in the hills before their victims were aware. In this case a punitive expedition was organized.

The village which had suffered the raid called a meeting, at which volunteers were accepted and plans made. A date was set for the expedition, generally ten days later, and a bundle of tally sticks was sent by messenger to neighboring villages who might wish to join the party. From the time of sending out the sticks, [834] the war leader must remain sexually continent, though others need not. Every night during the days of preparation the men met to report on equipment and receive instructions. The keeper of the smoke generally addressed them informally, but the speech of any keeper became standardized. The following one was reported at San Xavier.

1. You are to see the enemy people who live between the mountains. You will see their bravery. Such bravery you will see, that nowhere have you seen its like. That is what you will see. 921 539

You will take power, that you may do the same. This is our purpose. Thus our purpose is fixed: thither to lead our young men and to kill the enemy. We will think nothing of death; we will break loose; we will kill the enemy.

Great fame shall his kinsmen give to each of our young men: His name shall his mother hear and his father, because he has killed. She will rush out; she will go to him happily, his mother. She will rush out; she will give the warwhoop; she will dance; she will call him by the kin term—him, her son. "Very brave are your deeds, my son! Therewith the world shall resound, full of the excellence of my son's deeds. Therewith shall rejoice his kinsmen."

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

ritual recitations and guide his party through a long series of ceremonial acts. He was usually chosen by the former leader from among the older men who had many trips to their credit, and he was expected to learn his duties by observation *en route*. As a leader grew old, he would begin to enlist the assistance of one of the more mature men, and finally the latter would step into his place without further formality. According to Papago pattern, the chosen assistant was a relative if possible.

The season for fetching salt was summer, after the high tides of spring had left a deposit on the beach. At this time the leader, after consultation with the keeper of the smoke, announced a meeting and told the conditions of the trip. "Now we are going down there. You will follow and obey everything. If you are lucky, you will be a good singer, a hunter, a fighter, a shaman."(1)

Young men with their careers before them volunteered for the expedition, especially if they had not had a chance to go to war, for salt gathering ranked almost with war as an opportunity for dreaming and acquiring power. Having volunteered for his first trip, a man must continue to go for four successive years or he would be ill. During these first four trips he ranked as a neophyte and must be purified on his return. Afterward purification was shorter, but he observed the ceremonial restrictions on the trail. After ten trips, there were no restrictions or purification, and he was eligible as a leader.

Any village which had decided on a trip would send messengers to its neighbors, inviting recruits. The neighbors held meetings in their turn and reported the number of volunteers; then a date was set when all the parties should meet at the first stop along the way. If there were many men, the date might be eight days later; if only a few, four days. From the night of the meeting all the future pilgrims remained sexually continent. The neophytes practiced running, since when they reached the ocean it was by running that they would obtain a vision. They collected their equipment, which must all be new, since used property might have come under the influence of a menstruating woman.

Since the coming of horses, a horse has been the first requisite for the salt pilgrimage. But the Papago use this convenience spar-

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

So he talked to them, and then they spoke of whether they would widen the ditches and if the boys were practising well for the races, and maybe a man from some other village was there to tell them the news. There was not a man among us who would miss that meeting. 159x 617 721

We women sat in the dark, under the shelter, and told about the strange things we had heard. We told how there is a root which men carry to make the deer come to them and it makes women come, too. It smells strong and sweet, and you can smell it on the sweaty hands of a man beside you in the dance. If it is very strong and has been used in many love matches, sometimes it turns into a man. It walks up beside a woman while she is sleeping and makes her dream. 159x 517 [732]

We told how, in our village, a girl was struck by lightning. Someone must have been menstruating and not have confessed it, said the medicine man. So he called all the girls, took out his crystals and looked at them. "It was the girl herself," he said. "She has killed herself." 159x 761 821

We told how, when a woman does not seem to care for any man or a man for any woman, that person is really married to a snake. There was a man in our village who used to go out alone into the desert and disappear in a wash. His parents followed him and found there a little red snake with her baby snakes on her back. They said to their son: "What! have you a family of snakes?" He said: "No, she is a beautiful woman." That is how snakes fool you. The older women used to tell us, too, that if we thought too much about any boy before we were married, that boy would seem to come and make love to us. But it would not be he, it would only be a snake. So girls must not think too much about boys. That was what the old women told us. We must not think about boys and we must not talk to boys. When we were married it would be time enough to speak to a man. Now it was better to work and be industrious. 159x 834 864

So I worked. But I used to think while I was sitting under the shelter with my basketry, about whether I would get a good man and whether I would like being married. I used to hear a good deal about married peoples' troubles, because my father was chief in Mesquite Root. Married people who had quarrels brought their troubles to him. There was a post in front of our house where people were beaten who did wrong, and all the village would come to see and talk about what happened. 159x 622 681

Once I remember how a wife came, very angry. She had walked a long way to tell about her husband. "He beats me," she said to my father. "You who are One Made Big Over Us, he beats me! But I love him." My father used to smile at things like that. He was a warrior and a gambler. He did not care about beating women. But he always settled things for them. So 159x 684

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

he sent for the husband. "Do you beat her?" "Yes," said the man. He was a young man. I remember how he looked at the woman, his wife, while he stood there. "Yes, I beat her. But I want her with me. I'm jealous. I beat her because I think she looks at other men." "I don't look at other men," said the woman crying. So her husband said very quickly: "Oh, I want her back. It's all right." "Will you stop beating her?" "Yes, yes." The woman said: "But he has beaten me already. Many times and for nothing. Let him pay me." "How?" "With his body," said the woman. "Let him be beaten as I was beaten." My father thought about that and he said: "All right. How many stripes?" "Fifty." "You want to kill him," said my father. "I'll make it twenty." So the man knelt down and took off his shirt. The chief did not beat wrong doers himself. He had a messenger who was called the Chief's Leg. That Leg was a man who meant much to me later on. He took the rawhide whip to beat the man, but he did not raise too many welts. Men are sorry for each other.

Another time a father came with his daughter. "This girl will not lie with the man to whom I gave her." My father looked at the new husband who had come, too, and he thought he seemed a good man. "Is it true?" my father said to the girl. "Don't you want this man?" "Yes, it's true I'm afraid." "Well, we'll beat you. Then you can decide." So they tied her hands and the girl whimpered: "I'll take him." "Take her by the hand," my father told the husband, "and lead her home. If she misbehaves, come back."

I thought about that girl sometimes and I thought I would have been afraid, too. Then I asked my mother, though I did not tell her how I was feeling. My mother said: "It's right to be afraid of men. All good girls are."

We girls never saw men except our brothers. And our brothers kept away from us now we were almost maidens. They said that sometime we might become maidens suddenly and then if they touched anything that we had touched, it would take away their strength. So the boys did not play with us any more.

But I used to think about boys when I was—let me see, we do not count our ages—thirteen. Sometimes I thought I heard flutes at night. I do not know if it was really boys playing them or if I only dreamed it. But the music drove me wild. The flute is what our boys play when they want a woman to come to them and I wanted to go.

But my father said to me: "Never talk to a man alone. If one comes to the house when there is no one there but you, then offer him food. If he is a relative, say: 'Wait till I cook you something.' Even if he is a stranger, say: 'You had better eat.' But do not talk while you feed him. And if you have nothing in the house tell him quickly so he will go away and not wait, expecting."

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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So I did that way and so did the other girls, all except a few wild ones. When we went to the hills to gather fruits, we went all together and an old woman with us. When we went to the pond with jars on our heads to get water, we went in a group. Sometimes there would be boys there watering their horses. The wild girls would throw gravel at them, then laugh and run. I never did that.

I was a good housekeeper. I did all the cooking and I fetched the water and ground the corn. I could catch the horses, too, and saddle them for my brothers. But I could not go out alone on the desert as they did. Why should I want to? That is man's work and no woman with a right heart wants to be a man. But I was excitable. My heart was not cool. When I had finished my work, I always wanted to race, and I was a good racer; the fastest of all the girls. And I was a gambler. Yes, always I have been a gambler and a lucky one. When I had ground the corn and fetched the firewood for the day, I used to run out to the houses where my girl cousins lived: "Come on. Let's throw dice."

We had dice which we made of sticks, painted black on one side with charcoal from the fire. Every girl had four, and we kept them always with us as we kept our red paint. We sat in a circle, and all the people gathered to watch us and bet on the game. Each girl in turn tapped her sticks on a stone and threw them. Two points if all black, one if all white. And if of different colors, let the next girl throw!

We bet everything on that game. I had baskets which I had made and a mat. My father had brought me shell beads from the River Country and all those things I wagered. My mother did not mind; she was looking on. She would not say a word if I bet everything I had, even my clothes. But I never bet her things or my sisters'. Neither did my father. He bet his own things and he gambled all the time. That was his name, the Gambler.

Once I played against a grown woman from another village. First, I won her red woven girdle, then a whole red dress, then a Mexican scarf. She went back to her house and got everything she had, a basket, a mat, a big water jar. She said she wanted to bet them all, but she would race me on the race track.

So we went to the track and all the people came with us, betting. We chose two men to take charge; a relative of mine for the starter, one of hers for the finisher. I started from one end, she from the other and all the people yelled. But then hers stopped yelling and mine went on. She was not winning. I reached her relatives who stood at the end of the track where she had started, and she was still far from the rope. Her relative had to make mine stop yelling and then he said I had won. I heard her crying that night in the desert because she had lost everything.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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My father was a gambler, too. He used to go all over our country playing against the men. Beads and necklaces he used to bring me back from the River People. And sometimes he took all the family with him when there were races between the villages and all our young men ran. But he would not let me run at those races nor bet on them.

"Wait till you are married," he said. "When you have a husband he will take you to the feasts. They are for married people, not for young girls."

He would not let me go to any feasts at all, not even to the maiden's dances, when they happened in our own village and to my own cousins. When a maiden came of age, the people sometimes danced every night until the moon got back to where it was when they began. The men and women danced with their arms over each other's shoulders. We wore nothing on our bodies above the waist then. The young men liked that. It is said that some young girls did not come home at night. It is said that some babies were dropped in the arroyo and no one knew.

They told me that there were women who went alone to those dances, the wild women, who did not work and who went about painted every day. Corn ears they painted on their breasts and birds and butterflies, each breast different for the men to see. And a woman's breast, in that dance, comes just where a man's hand can reach it.

I began to dream of those wild women. They can haunt you just as the Prisoners do. They make men and women crazy, sometimes so that they run out and die. Then you must make little clay dolls, a man and a woman, and have the medicine man sing over them to quiet the sick person. I was not bad enough for that, but sometimes, when I sat alone at my basketry, it would seem to me that I saw a boy and a girl making love and it made me wild.

And I dreamed strange things. Once my mother sent me after water and I was all alone; the other girls had gone earlier in the day. I had to cross a dry wash. As I came up to it, there I saw a snake three times as thick as a man. That wash was full of caves, and the snake's head was in one of them, his tail in another, with his body stretched all across the wash. When I tried to cross it, he would hit me on the legs. I ran home without the water and my father was angry. My mother came with me to see what was the matter and there was no snake there.

And I kept hearing flutes; flutes in the morning and evening. Such lovely music that I would stand still in the house to listen. I thought my crystals were growing again.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

BENEATH THE SURFACE

It is necessary to point out that, in spite of the apparent influence of magical concepts upon their thinking and in spite of their peculiar trend toward withdrawal, Papago children seem to be relatively at ease and undisturbed. If the child's fancies are at times horrifying, anxiety is possibly greatly reduced by recognizing the source of terror as in the area of the supernatural. This mechanism, absolving the individual from responsibility for his own conflicts, probably prevents a lasting traumatic effect upon his personality. It is therefore not surprising that free-floating anxiety is an inconspicuous trait in Papago children, according to the Rorschach test.

The main direct outlet these children have is the strong, natural function of their instinctual drives, including those of sexual nature. Papago culture apparently does not have sexual restrictions other than those regarding married women and young girls, and even these do not seem to be very rigid. Sex itself is not evaluated as "good" or "bad."

Lastly, one peculiar feature of the Rorschach findings may be mentioned, though it is not evident from the average results of the whole group but is an impression which arises only when the individual records are scrutinized: although Papago children's personality patterns show structural simplicity, individual differences are quite marked. Moreover, the records suggest that individuals are exceedingly responsive to formative influences of their direct environment (family constellation and coincidental events). This susceptibility combined with the over-all simplicity of the personality pattern seems to favor pronounced individualization within a limited range of traits, producing a curious effect—as though each individual were a specific reactive type. The reader will get a similar impression from the sketches of eight Papago children included in the Appendix.

The results of the other projective test used in this study—the Thematic Apperception—are to a high degree consistent with those of the Rorschach. This test also found in Papago children a certain lack of personality elaboration, unsophisticated spontaneity, a relatively loose discipline, importance of fantasy life, little anxiety, and unrestricted impulses (particularly sexual impulses).